

THE

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## ROMANTICISM.

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The Romantic and the Classic carry on unrelenting warfare. The admirer of Pope has little in common with the follower of Shelley. The disciple of Dr. Johnson cannot be reconciled with the adherent of Coleridge and Scott. The two schools are at the opposite poles of literary taste. Their temperaments are different, their methods are different, their ideals are different. The Classic is a conformist, the Romantic is a non-conformist. The Classic accepts the world as a fact, the Romantic deals with it as a problem. Romanticism is vaguely conscious of a spirit in the universe, and endeavors to seek it out. It aspires to something beyond its material surroundings. For it there is a "sacred mystery" which surrounds and pervades all things, and whose solution it attempts to find. Inherent

in it is a spirit of adventure, a desire to go over unknown and untrodden ways, to arrive at results through novel and untried methods.

The Classic clings to conventional forms in art production. The Romantic swings the pendulum to the other extreme and acknowledges no law above himself. To him the idea is first; the form in which the idea is expressed must be largely spontaneous.

"The hostile Gods, the very Fates, must have wept with Priam before the tent of Achilles, Homer stands unmoved." Homer, the true Classic, presents only the thing itself in cold outline. The Romantic would go deeper. He would analyze the emotions, the hopes and fears of the humiliated Priam, the exultancy, the pride of Achilles. It would be his task to embellish the picture with his own imagination, reflections, and sentiment. To him the objective thing is but an imperfect revelation of the thing itself. To break the shell of outward appearance, to appreciate the deep mysterious inner nature of things, this is the object of all art.

As the classical school is most distinctly associated with the literature of ancient Greece and Rome, and with the early eighteenth century literature of England, France, and Germany, romanticism has found its most perfect embodiment in the literature of the nineteenth century. Each has its own epochs, but there is no age which has not comprehended the romantic spirit in its literature. It has existed since the very founding of European literature itself. In the halcyon days of Greek classical art subjectivism crept unconsciously in through the dramas of Sophocles and Aeschylus. The letters of the younger Pliny, and the "Attic Nights" of Aulus Gellius gave it expression in Latin literature, and Dante, conscious of the imperfections of classic art, its coldness, its lack of spirituality, voiced the intellectual revolt and the revival of

spiritual and religious interest of the early Middle Ages. In the "Divine Comedy," with its deep subjectivity, he struck a romantic note which is unmistakable, a note which was no more his own than that of the age in which he lived.

In the early part of the eighteenth century the romantic spirit almost disappeared. It was buried deep under the surging tide of the classical revival. But the spirit lived on, and the age of the "German Enlightenment" and "German Utilitarianism" had its Tieck and its Schlegel and its Goethe who came forth in their might to rescue the German nation that was plunged into hopeless Philistinism. It is in this century of English literature, filled with "didactic materialism and the prim formalism of Pope," a century void of all curiosity, void of all aspiration, void of all hope, leading a mechanical life, that the romantic spirit arose in open rebellion, and contended vigorously for the imagination, for naturalism, for a recognition of the spiritual. The world felt seriously the depression of a season of literature that was morbidly unsympathetic, "faultily faultless" and coldly correct. It thirsted for a draught from the cooling fountain of the imagination. It longed to feel the pulsations of genuine, unaffected life. It yearned for a spirit in things. Under such conditions an explanation of "Percy's Reliques," of the publication of the poems of Ossian, of the poetry of Collins and Gray is not far to seek. Romanticism was inevitable.

Like classicism, romanticism may be said to have its negative side. The Classic contends in defence of his school that absolute liberty breeds a literary charlatanism. The Romantic answers that a literary despotism chokes life, originality, and all finer feeling, that the classical spirit pushed to its extremes begets a cynicism and a disgust with life, that to paint decayed cheeses always exactly as decayed cheeses adds no sweetness to existence. Where enthusiasm is licensed, the spiritual admitted, the imagination

encouraged, there can at least be no cynicism; the disagreeable scenes with which the "scientific realist" delights to acquaint his readers are passed without comment or even observation.

Early in its career as a positive and aggressive movement romanticism committed grave excesses. Beginning with the addition of the element of strangeness to beauty, it arrived at a satisfaction with the picturesque; from the picturesque its evolution was toward an admiration for the grotesque. Having added the element of curiosity to art, it was swept into a love for the exaggerated in art. Through the element of abstract speculation it was at times hurried into mysticism. The "hunger for eternity," the attempt to "apprehend the absolute," resulted in languor, discontent, and melancholy. In other words its sin was intemperance. But it partook of the nature of all revolutions against long-standing abuses in being unconscious of its proportions, overzealous and extreme. It served as a strong remedy for a stubborn disease. Having accomplished its mission having mediated in the quiet of its supremacy upon its real significance, its real purpose, it has assumed a milder form. The romanticism of Tieck and Schlegel is not the romanticism of the present. There is no longer a place for the pursuit of an ideal—the blue flower of Novalis. The spirit that lives with us is the spirit of Scott and Wordsworth and Hawthorne; it is romanticism stripped of its excesses, of its grotesque element, of its mysticism. The romanticist of to-day who has the highest sense of his mission has come to realize that the poise, the tranquility, the finish of classical art are to be reckoned as important factors. Experience has taught him that it is as important to avoid Scylla as Charybdis, the "vulgarity which is dead to the form," as the "stupidity which is dead to the substance."

The positive purpose then of the romanticism of to-day



is not only to keep alive the spirit of freedom and naturalism in literature, to protest against worn-out conventionalities which impede progress toward a perfect literature, but to hold up before the science of the time the mirror of the soul that is above matter, to divert men's minds from the mere "machinery of life" and to direct them to the great universal facts of human existence. Carlyle has said that "the true man of letters belongs to a perpetual priesthood, from age to age, teaching all men that God is still present in their life, that all 'appearance is but a vesture for the Divine Idea of the world,' for 'that which lies at the bottom of appearance ;' " that "Literature, so far as it is literature is an 'apocalypse of nature,' a revealing of the 'open secret' that lies at the basis of all being." Such a priesthood does romanticism breed ; such is the deep central principle of the literature which it produces.

—*W. F. McCombs, Jr.*

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### THE SONGSTERS.

Pale was the sky as the breast of a dove  
The dew on the daisy was wet ;  
'Twixt the droop of the night and the peep of the light  
The two of them met.

"Hey!" cried the Lark, "You son of the dark,  
I'm off for the tops o' the air!  
But first, one snatch of a good old catch—  
Featly and fair."

### CATCH.

#### THE LARK.

"—And now I am singing!  
Listen, my brother, and you 'll know why.

"One of the voiceless birds was I  
Till a shaft came after me winging—  
Sudden and strong  
Broke the seals of my song, broach'd the wine of my singing!

" Know you the Archer Boy?  
He dips his arrows in many a spring,  
He slips his arrows from many a string,  
He tips his arrows with many a thing,  
But mine he had tipped with Joy!  
Joy!  
Sudden and strong, broke the seals of my song—  
And now I am singing!"

THE NIGHTINGALE.

"—And now I am singing!  
Singing and singing and singing—and why?

" One of the voiceless birds was I  
Till a shaft came after me winging—  
Drove bitter and strong  
To the source of my song, to the stillness of singing.

" Know you the Archer Boy?  
He dips his arrows in many a spring,  
He slips his arrows from many a string,  
He tips his arrows with many a thing—  
He never tipp'd mine with joy:  
For the keen, keen dart reft open my heart  
—And now I am singing."

Glinted the dew at the edge of the grove,  
Parting the two of them there—  
Green-shadowed from day, or careening away  
To the tops o' the air.

—William Miller Gamble.

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THE BOGUS CORPSE.

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"As near as I remember," began Billy, "It was in the spring of seventy-nine."

When Billy uttered this stereotyped introductory, it was the signal for all the "Knights of the Grip" within hearing to gather around, light fresh cigars, and await the forthcoming anecdote with silent anticipation.

"Yes" continued he, after a moment's thought, "It *was* in seventy-nine—in April, and I was travelling through Iowa. Never been through Bud's Run, eh? Well I dunno as you 've missed much. 'T ain't nothing but an ordinary little one-mule town with nothing in it but ramshackle houses and a dozen stores, and loafers and dogs and mud. Leastways that 's how I remember it. I was down there with a line of dry goods—struck the town in the morning, and not a blamed train out in my direction till night. It took me two hours to persuade the one dry goods man that he wanted three or four lots of cheap prints, then I ate my dinner, and found myself with nothing to do, and all the afternoon to do it in. I loafed around the hotel a while, trying to start a game of poker, but the moss-backs were all scared to play, so I walked down to the depot where there was quite a crowd collected, waiting for the afternoon passenger train to go through. Pretty soon in she came, and before she stopped the engineer jumped out of the cab and shouted out, excited like, "There 's a man shot up at Big Cut—he 's lyin' down at the bank of the crick and bleedin' like h—l. You better get a doctor and hustle right up there," and before he had time to explain any more, the conductor hollered "all aboard," and he clumb back into the cab and pulled out.

Well, you can bet there was big excitement there in no time. 'T wa' n't more than a minute before the station was full of men, and every one asking what 's up and giving lots of free advice and no one knowing what to do. Pretty soon some one sung out, "Here 's Doc. Coots! He 's the man we want. He 'll know what to do." And he *was* the man, too. As soon as he understood what the trouble was, he began giving orders:

"You, Jim," he says, "Get some men and run out the handcar quick as you know how. That 'll get us there quicker 'n a horse." The men caught on, and the hand car was out in no time.

Course, I was in for the fun, and I jumped on the handcar the first one. Doc. and Jim. and some other men piled on, and we started for the Cut, fast as we could pump the handles. It was up grade, and a darned hot day, and I was pretty near done when we got to the Cut—it was about two miles—but we were all pretty much excited and never minded the work. As soon as we got there, we pulled the hand car off the track and ran down the bank and went to hunting for that corpse. Well, sir, we looked over every square foot for a mile, but there wa' n't no corpse to be found nowheres—not even a footprint, nor a drop of blood, nor any sign of a corpse. After we 'd hunted for half an hour, we came back to the handcar, pretty tired and swearing mad. Everyone began guessing how it was we could n't find the dead man. One of the men said he guessed the man must have fallen in the crick and floated away; but the crick wa' n't deep enough. Jim, he thought we must have made some mistake in the place, and we was all coming 'round to his way of thinking when Doc brought his hand down on his leg with a big slap. "Boys," he says we 've been April fooled, like a lot of d——d suckers."

Well he'd struck it, sure enough. No one 'd thought of its being the first of April, and I tell you, they were the sickest lot of men you ever saw, and talk about cussing!

Pretty soon Jim spoke up and said: "Doc., we 'd better get on the handcar and skip the country, for there won't be any living in Bud's Run after such a sell as this." Then everybody groaned and went to swearing again.

Just then an idea struck me how to get out of the difficulty. I thought it over while they were cussing the engineer, and then I stood up on the hand car and said: "Boys, if you 'll let up a moment and listen to me, I think I can get you out of this scrape." They had n't noticed 'till then that I was a stranger, but they all said go ahead. "Well," say I, "my plan is like this. It strikes me that

so long as we can 't *find* a corpse, we 've got to *make* one, and I propose to be the corpse. Now I 'm a stranger here, and no one noticed me git on the car. You rip a wide board off the fence there, and I'll lie down on it, and you cover me up with your coats, and we 'll give Bud's Run the biggest April Fool they ever had."

The boys were tickled most to pieces with the plan, and we talked it all over and fixed the details so everything would run smooth. They were to carry me up in front of the drug store, and keep the crowd waiting 'till my train pulled in. Then Doc. was to jerk the coat from my head and I was to cut for the depot. In the meantime Jim was to buy my ticket and have my baggage checked so I could catch my train without any trouble. I knew if I was caught the people would make it hot for me.

Well, the boys got the board and just as we got in sight of town, I lay down on it, and they threw their coats over me. I fixed it so I could look through a tear and see pretty much everything going on. I could see the crowd craining their necks to see and hear 'em talking and whispering. The whole town was out and the excitement was something awful. When we got to the station, Doc. jumped off the car, and began ordering the people back, as officious as any policeman: "Get back, men, we must have room here. Move back, there. Make way, people." Four of the boys picked me up and carried me, as slow as a funeral, up to the drug store, and set the board on a couple of benches on the sidewalk.

Doc., he was coroner too, and he made it more interesting by making believe he was going to hold an inquest. "Sheriff," I heard him say, "Impanel a jury right off. We can 't delay—very serious case." Of course every one was anxious to serve on the jury, and the sheriff was hustlin' round as important as an alderman, and everything getting hotter and more exciting, 'till I heard my train

whistle about a mile off. Doc. had the jury all ready, and screwed up to the top notch of excitement, when the train pulled in, and he reached down and jerked off the coat. I gave one jump and a whoop and dove right into the crowd. Well, sir, for a moment they were that scared they were stunned, and then they let out one awful yell and scattered in every direction, and you could have played poker on their coat tails.

I tore down to the depot and grabbed my ticket and grip from Jim and jumped onto the train just as she was pulling out, and I heave 'nt seen Bud's Run from that day to this."

After the laugh, Billy looked slowly around his circle of auditors. Say, you fellows think that 's a lie, do n't you? Well, look here." He reached into his grip and produced a beautiful cut glass flask, embossed with silver. On one side was a plate on which was engraved. "To Mr. William Crandle in grateful recognition for his services as corpse on April 1st, 1879. Presented by six citizens of Bud's Run who on that occasion enjoyed the best laugh of their life."

"When you 're through looking at it," said Billy, "just pass it around."

—*W. F. G. Thacher.*

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#### SONNET.

The tired winds sleep, the sun has lost his sway  
And like a benediction falls the night;  
So come, Fair Moon, and with thy silvery light  
Transform this somber darkness into day.  
Across the deep blue vault of heaven stray  
The truant stars, that in their circling flight,  
Pale with the dawn and vanish from our sight,  
And when thy face is hid, their smile delay.  
The stars, the silent earth, the shadowy train  
At eventide, their joy unbounded prove;  
And sweeter thoughts within this bosom reign  
For on thy beams my heart is drawn above,  
While hopes I fancied dead, revive again,  
Wrapped in the mantle of a sacred love.

—*Lester P. Bryant.*

**MADAME GERALDINE OF THE "MINER'S PRIDE."**

No one knew why Madame Geraldine ever came to such a forsaken place as Gold City, nor did any one know why she happened to play and sing in the "Miner's Pride." No one could be certain, furthermore, whether her real name was the name she bore. The delightful thing about it was that no one cared to know, for in the feverish excitement of a gold camp your life begins for your neighbors on the day you take up your residence among them and ends on the day you depart. Here no man suffers the handicap of a past and one's present and future lie in the mine shaft. The Madame, therefore, on the day she applied for the position of professional musical entertainer at the great saloon and gambling house presented no references or credentials. The proprietor asked none. This gentleman was seeking talent and not certificates of amiable disposition. So when the little brown-eyed, clear complexioned, innocent looking woman of about twenty-four years, pushed her way through the throng of rough, uncouth miners up to a faro table where the proprietor was seated, she simply said she had come in answer to his advertisement in the *Gold City Sylvanite* and would like to sing for the place.

This strong, hulking Irishman with a blossoming nose and squinting eyes, looked her over for a moment and said in his familiar way, "Well, little gal, come over to the pianner and let's hear you paw the ivories a little, then we'll see."

Madame Geraldine smiled sweetly and followed him.

"36 in the red and the third column," drawled out the presiding genius of the roulette table, with a nasal tone, as the ivory ball clicked into the wheel. Pretty trim little gal there, eh? 11 and it's black," as he set

out a stack of chips to a temporary son of fortune. "Single O in the green. I'll have to look after that fairy a bit."

The policy man also looked on the new artist and admired. Striking a gong at his side to attract attention he called out, "Ten minutes till the three o'clock draw-in's, gents, two hundred for one, yer know, and there's luck in the house. Only ten minutes more." He went over to the faro man who was pulling the cards out of the little tin box with the regularity of an automaton and with the interest of one. "Who's the little woman goin' over to the pianner with the boss?" he enquired.

"Gawd knows, man. Do you expect me ter know every woman as comes into this town. I ain't keepin' up with weemin; it takes all my time ter keep up with the game."

"I ain't neither, but I'll jes' bet a ten spot that ain't no common minin' camp woman."

Madame Geraldine followed the proprietor through the crowded hall with its nervous anxiety, its low murmurings and tense expressions. No one ever laughs at a professional gaming table; gambling of this nature is as serious a business as preparing a sermon. The men made way for the young woman with unusual respect. Whether it was because of her modest appearance, her fresh complexion or her dimpled cheeks, I shall not attempt to say.

She took her seat at the piano and after a few delicate chords, struck with a wonderful sweetness of touch, she sang in a clear liquid voice something about home and mother and childhood days. As she sang, the tension of the "Miner's Pride" was relaxed. The gambling ceased and the house was all ears, for miners and gamblers are struck by clear liquid voices, and songs about home and mother and childhood days, like other men. When the new artist had finished the place burst into loud applause. Madame bowed and sang something about a



drunken husband and a weeping wife, which strangely enough evoked another burst of applause, for the Miner's Pride was filled chiefly with specimens of the former type.

Now, McGinnis, the proprietor, had never seen any of the previous "artists" of the Miner's Pride excite such enthusiasm, and being a man of shrewd business sense he made haste to engage Madame Geraldine on her own proposition.

A great canvas sign was placed over the entrance of the resort, which bore the following inscription:

"Madame Geraldine Walsingham,  
The Accomplished Artist from New York,  
Will perform at this Saloon,  
from 2 to 5 p. m. and from 8 to 11 p. m."

Madame's fame spread like wildfire and at the hours advertised, the place was filled to its utmost capacity by those who came to hear the "accomplished artist from New York" sing something about home and mother and childhood days, and to applaud, and hear something about a drunken husband and a weeping wife.

The business of McGinnis was doubled and the happiness of this gentleman was increased proportionally if we may trust rumors that ran about "The Turf," and "The Miner's Pride"—and these were two excellent sources of information. McGinnis was said after a few days to be casting matrimonial eyes on his celebrity—and why not, being an eligible bachelor and the owner of the most paying institution in the camp? The presiding genius of the policy department experienced a new emotion also, as did the roulette man and the faro man, and Madame Geraldine in consequence suffered no want of guardians and strong armed defenders.

"Gawd, Jim, but I believe you was right when you said she was n't no common minin' camp woman," said the

faro man to the policy man. "You know, old feller—you know," he said, drawing close to his companion and speaking in a low confidential tone—"between you and me, I 'm damned if I do n't believe I 'm kinder gittin' soft on that gal."

"Git out!" in a tone of mock surprise.

"That 's the cold facts and you know as I turned inter my bunk last night, I said to myself, 'Bill, you and her might make a pretty good pair in double harness,' then I kicked myself for a fool and turned over and went ter sleep."

"You idiot! But you can have my buttons if I ain't had the same kind er ideas runnin' thro' my fool head. I 've had that kind er holy feelin' for a week. She 's about the finest specimen of feminine natur' I ever seen. Heard what she done yestiday?"

"No."

"I thought you had; it 's all over the camp."

"Sawdust Sam come in and put down a five spot for a stack er blues and lost 'em, then he put down a one and tuck a stack er whites and lost them too, then he fished down and got his last two bits and the game caught that. The poor devil was plumb cleaned out and he ain't got no friends, so he stood a long chance er doin' without his supper and breakfast, to say nothin' about a passel er hungry brats at home. Like a white livered chicken he set down and put his head in his hands and cried. He has had a long run er hard luck in the game, but that ain't no excuse for bel-lowin' like a calf. The little woman seen him and she come down from the pianner and slipped a five spot into his hands, and told him to go home to his kids and be a good daddy and quit drinkin' and gamblin'. Sam dropped into 'The Turf' and lost it, but I got to thinkin' if she ain't got some hungry brats too, som'er's."

"No tellin' about weemin," responded the faro man in a half sceptical tone. "It 's more 'n likely."

"I 'm hearin' around here that McGinnis is kinder wadin' out into deep water too."

"What, that rum-drinkin' Irishman?"

"The same. And its two to one in his favor, with his money back of him. Money 's a power with weemin."

So the mysterious Madame Geraldine increased in the affections of her fellow workers of the "Miner's Pride," and her popularity was not bounded by the four walls of this great pleasure resort with its gilded front and its plate glass windows. The miners as they went to their work discussed her, each differing as to her chief charm, but all coinciding in their admiration of the songs she sang about home and mother and childhood days, and about a drunken husband and a weeping wife. So popular indeed had she become, that when the time came to elect a feminine representative to take part in a great flower carnival at Denver, Madame Geraldine was nominated by a unanimous vote of the "Miner's Pride," after a burst of eloquence poured forth by McGinnis at an impromptu convention, during the morning hours when Madame was off duty. And McGinnis was selected to bear the tidings to her and ask if she would run against the nominee of "The Turf."

It was with this happy mission that this worthy sallied forth immediately after the business of the convention. He knocked at the door of her rude little boarding house and asked of the rotund landlady that he might see her.

"Good mornin', little gal," he said as he stalked into her room beaming with a broad genial smile, "I have the honor of saying that you have been chosen by a standin' vote of the 'Miner's Pride,' as that popular resort's candidate for the fairest lady in these diggings, which bein' so you will be, if you will serve, the candidate of the 'Miner's Pride,' for the honor of bein' Gold City's representative at the Flower Carnival of Denver. And I want ter say that these is Patrick McGinnis's sentiments plumb to

the bottom of his feet." Having gotten through this composition of his own manufacture with much halting, the proud McGinnis awaited an answer. Madame Geraldine looked sadder than usual that morning; she was slightly pale and showed signs of tears, all of which things McGinnis had not noticed in his eagerness to quit himself well in his speech.

"I thank you," she said sadly, "but really I can't."

"Can't, little gal? There ain't nothing to do but set up on a big wagin' covered with flowers and be pulled along by white horses. People would hardly know you. You 'll set up there and make out you are Liberty or somebody like that."

"Really, I must decline. Tell the 'Miner's Pride' I thank them."

"You dropped somethin'," McGinnis said as he picked up a letter from the floor.

"Did I?" she said in a startled tone. She thrust the envelope into her girdle with trembling fingers.

"What's troublin' you this mornin'," said McGinnis when he realized that she looked sad.

"Oh nothing at all," she responded faintly, "I—I just don't feel well."

"Come! come now! I ain't much with the weemin but I can put two and two together. That letter 's somethin' ter do with it."

"Oh, nothing at all, I assure you!"

"Don't try to come any bluff on me. Drat my skin if some scoundrel around this camp ain't been writin' to you. If you 'll let me have his name, I 'll take particular pains he don't write no more insulting letters ter ladies. I 'll pretty nigh bet he won't write no more letters at all."

"Thank you for your kind offer of protection, but no one here has insulted me."

"I believe you are fibbin'. I 'll keep my weather eye

open anyhow. So you won't serve as our candidate, little gal?"

"It's impossible."

McGinnis went back to the gambling hall crestfallen, to announce to the awaiting throng Madame Geraldine's response.

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It was nine o'clock at night and the monotonous din of voices in the "Miner's Pride" was at its highest. The place was packed to overflowing. Each man jostled his neighbor in his attempt to get at the gaming tables and swore when he was jostled in return. The air was heavy with tobacco smoke and the odor of liquor. Upon the faces of the crowd was the same tense expression and the look of absorbing avarice. Madame Geraldine sat at the piano and sang for the hundredth time something about home and mother and childhood days, and for the hundredth time received applause, and followed it by something about a drunken husband and a weeping wife. While she was singing another series of interesting events was beginning in the front of the saloon, which was used as the proprietor's office, and which was partially shut off from the gambling hall and bar by screens and gratings. A fairly dressed, half-drunken man came into the saloon and asked McGinnis, who was in his office, to have the young woman sent out to him.

"And what might be your business?" said the proprietor suspiciously.

"That is not your concern. Send her out to me or I'll go in and bring her out."

"Not if my name's McGinnis."

The stranger considered McGinnis and his two hundred muscular pounds rather doubtfully.

"That woman is my wife and I'm going to have her by ——," he said in a tone that reached the ears of Madame herself,

"And a hard time you 'll have gettin' her. I 'll give you two shakes of a sheep's tail to take back tracks," said McGinnis, believing that the man was either drunk or an imposter. At the expiration of this uncertain time the man had not taken "back tracks," and McGinnis, with his Irishman's courage and his Irishman's rage at its highest point, dealt a blow that knocked the stranger sprawling into the street. As he fell he drew a revolver and fired, going wide of his mark. The house was thrown into wild confusion. The hall was deserted for the scene of the conflict. When the excitement had abated and the crowd in the "Miner's Pride" returned to the tables, Madame Geraldine was nowhere to be seen. She had dropped out of the life of Gold City forever. During the night her pursuer also vanished.

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"18 in the red." "28 in the black." "Double O splits." "4 in the first column." The ivory ball clicked into the wheel with the same monotony as ever. In the feverish excitement of gold camp your life begins for your neighbors on the day you take up residence among them and ends on the day you depart.

—*W. F. McCombs, Jr.*

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### THE CHARACTER OF FRANCIS BACON.

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What manner of man was Francis Bacon, Prince of Philosophers? The popular answer to this question is summed up in Pope's epigram, "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind." Macaulay, in his brilliant style, only rings the changes upon this characterization, and Whately, while approving Bacon's writings, condemns the

man as "worldly, ambitious, covetous, base, selfish and unscrupulous." Others find an easy solution by proclaiming that Bacon's was a double life—a sort of Jekyll-Hyde career.

If these judgments are final, our task is done; but what becomes of him, who, in the solemnity of near approaching death, so confidently left his "name and memory to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next age?" The facts in Bacon's life have been set forth and are now better known than they were by his contemporaries or by the "next age." The investigations of Montagu, Spedding, Macaulay, Campbell, Rémusat, Dixon, and many others leave us little to do but to seek a point of view yielding a true perspective.

Francis Bacon was born near the splendors of Queen Elizabeth's court in 1560, two years after her coronation, three years before Galileo's birth and four before the birth of Shakespeare. His father, Sir Nicholas, "Second pillar of the state," Keeper of the Great Seal, a staunch reformer, of incorruptible fidelity and of stainless morals, was indeed no ordinary man. His mother, sister of Lord Burleigh's wife, a distinguished member of a justly distinguished family, scholarly and "passionately religious," was an extraordinary woman. The childhood of the delicate and precocious Francis was spent among high ideals in the pure and intellectual atmosphere of a godly Calvinistic home. The young lad was a frequent and welcome visitor of the queen. His eyes must have been dazzled, his mind quickened, his ambitions roused by her brilliant court. Here began that veneration for royalty which enslaved his genius and ruled his life.

In his twelfth year he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated three years later, master of the course, with but little respect for either the existing scholastic methods or their results. The next three years



were spent abroad, largely at the brilliant court of France. His father's death without provision for him, his uncle Burleigh's inexplicable opposition to his employment by the state, his enforced study of the law, which he hated, all seemed barriers to the career of his choice, but, after many years of waiting, he entered upon his public life. His declared purposes at the beginning of his public career in some degree interpret his life. He was conscious of great powers. "*Ego cum me ad utilitates humanas natura existimarem.*" He believed himself destined "to benefit humanity through the discovery of fruitful truth;" "he believed himself specially qualified for service to the state, for which he cherished a patriotic ardor; he believed he could serve the church." Green says, "he had great social and political ideas to realize, the reform and codification of the law, the civilization of Ireland, the purification of the church, the union—at a later time—of Scotland and England, educational projects, projects of material improvement and the like; and the direct and shortest way of realizing these ends was, in Bacon's eyes, the use of the power of the Crown." Bacon himself says: "Power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring; for good thoughts, though God accept them, are little better than idle dreams, except they be put in act, and that cannot be without power and place as the vantage and commanding ground."

His writings are upon the plane of a high morality; good sentiments, sound judgment and right precepts abound. No unworthy sentiment ever escaped his lips or flowed from his prolific pen to reward the search of generations of severe critics. Even disputation and controversy were foreign to his nature. Macaulay, perhaps his severest critic, dwells with admiration upon his temperament as a natural philosopher, a moral philosopher, a devout theologian, and "a sincere believer in the divine authority of the Christian revelation."



He first entered the House of Commons in 1584, when twenty-four years old. He was not knighted until he was forty-three; he became King's Counsel at forty-four, Solicitor-General at forty-six, Attorney-General at fifty-two, Privy-Councillor at fifty-six, Lord-Keeper of the Seal the same year, Lord High Chancellor at fifty-seven, Baron Verulam at fifty-eight, Viscount St. Alban at sixty, was disgraced at sixty-one, and died in 1626, in his sixty-sixth year, about a year after the accession of Charles I. It is to be noted that, while it was common in his day for young men to be called to high place, Bacon was beyond the prime of life before he obtained any important public office. Dixon very properly asks,—“How if his virtues, not his vices kept him down so long?” Why was his rise so long deferred? Perhaps he lacked the coarse and greedy nature found in many who rise through their own efforts. The bright features of his career we need not record. The blots upon his name concern us more.

The main charges relied upon to blast Bacon's fame are his servility, his ingratitude to Essex, his conduct in certain cases in which he represented the Crown, notably, the St. John case, the Peacham case, and the conflict with Coke upon royal prerogative, partiality in administering justice, and bribery. We can do but little more than follow the views of high authorities.

Formal servility toward superiors was the custom of the time. Bacon was full of “flowing courtesy,” certainly amiable and gentle in his ways. The fact that he was never accused of being overbearing to his inferiors is an indication that his servility to superiors has been exaggerated. He may have been lacking in physical courage, he did not value boldness highly, and he was too submissive to please us, but proof is lacking that he was meanly submissive. We must bear in mind the prejudices due to early training and his convictions concerning the nature

and extent of the kingly office. He was an absolutist, and he never shrank from the consequences of loyalty to the person and policy of his sovereign. To him the sovereign was the vice-gerent of God upon earth, whose will was supreme. Bacon's essay on Kings begins with the statement, "A King is a mortal God on earth," and ends with the declaration, "He then that honoreth him not is next an Atheist, wanting the fear of God in his heart." In short, he held to the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings in its most extravagant form.

Bacon has been most severely criticised for his seeming ingratitude to Essex. But Essex persistently disregarded Bacon's advice. Bacon warned him in vain. Essex was headstrong and drifted into a conspiracy which ended in treachery to his best friend and treason to the Crown. Bacon abhorred treason, but his kindness to Essex was very great. He pleaded with him to follow a course which might have saved him. He pleaded for him with the queen. Essex madly tried to ruin Bacon with the queen and the court in an outburst of passion, but he did not charge him with ingratitude. Friendship could not rank above loyalty. By the queen's command, Bacon wrote a defense of her course, but it was tinged with tenderness for Essex. Bacon cannot be justly censured for what he did in regard to the unfortunate Essex.

Critics have tried to find moral perversity in Bacon's conduct in the St. John case, the Peacham case, and the conflict with Coke over royal prerogative. He was connected with these cases as a statesman and as ex-officio representative of the Crown. St. John's denunciation of the government's course in raising revenue charged the king with perjury. St. John was tried for slander and treasonable language. The law was clear, so was the offense. Bacon gained a verdict for the Crown, but the penalty was not enforced. The details of the Peacham

case are long and intricate. We follow Professor Adamson in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, who says: "Bacon's conduct in the Peacham case has been curiously misrepresented. He has been accused of torturing the prisoner and tampering with the judges by consulting them before the trial. All this lavish condemnation is wide of the mark and rests upon a complete misconception of the case." In this case he had to deal with his old rival and implacable enemy, Sir Edward Coke, described by Macaulay as a "pedant, bigot and brute."

He again came in conflict with Coke when the latter brought several suits against the Chancery Court. In one of these Coke, involved the king by attacking the royal prerogative of granting benefices. When James learned that this right has been been attacked, he directed Bacon, his law-officer, "to intimate to the judges his pleasure that they should delay judgment until after discussion with himself." Under Coke's lead the judges disregarded this letter, entered judgment, and sent an offensive letter to the king. Then the king censured the judges for not heeding his demand for delay, sought simply because he was entitled to be heard as a party to the suit. The point of law was argued by Bacon and decided in favor of the king by the Chancellor, all the judges assenting except the "perverse, obstinate, and testy" Coke, who gave an evasive reply to the question asked him. In this case, as in the others, Bacon's course was consistent with his well-known views of the royal prerogative and his duty under the command of the king.

These cases occurred before Bacon became Lord High Chancellor. In his conduct of this office he may be censurable for reopening a case at the request of the king's favorite, Buckingham. No details are known, and there is no evidence that the suitor gained anything by the re-hearing. In other cases, Buckingham's notes commend-

ing requests of litigants seem to have been notes of courtesy, annoying, perhaps, to Bacon, but practically ignored. This was done by Buckingham against Bacon's strong advice; for the custom of interfering with chancery cases was an old abuse which Bacon tried to break up.

Bacon's impeachment is the dark blot upon his reputation. We have followed him to this point without finding justification for attacks upon his character. What is the truth about this matter?

James was unpopular. The people writhed under intolerable grievances by which they were oppressed. In 1621, a parliament met which hated him and was not afraid of him. The people were furious about the exactions of Buckingham's endless monopolies. Besides, a tempest was raised by the king's defiance of clamor for war. Eighty committees were appointed to redress abuses, and everybody was incited to present complaints against the king's servants. Buckingham was in great danger and he was terrified. But the gathering storm took an unexpected direction, and the king and Buckingham were safe.

The right of the House of Commons to impeach great offenders at the bar of the House of Lords was invoked for the first time in about three hundred years, and the charge of bribery was made against Bacon to his own amazement and that of the people. In this parliament Coke was supreme; "he was our Hercules," says one. He certainly was most active in every step of this case. Rich, powerful, unprincipled, he was the life-long rival and implacable enemy of Bacon. "His ferocity," says Macaulay, "was untamable;" he sought revenge for many a fall, he was indefatigable in procuring testimony, and, seeking Bacon's life, he cited precedents of hanging for the crime alleged against Bacon. Coke's efficient helper was one Churchill, an infamous forger of chancery-orders, who had been discharged by Bacon for forgery and extortion, and was resolved

not to sink alone. Cranfield, another enemy of Bacon, was active in the prosecution. He was afterwards fined £200,000 and sent to the Tower for his crimes. Williams, who received from Buckingham the Chancellorship as a reward for advising him "to comply with the humor of the people" and sacrifice certain of his friends and dependants, was busy in these matters, and he, too, was subsequently disgraced. In fact, the leading participants in this particular movement for "reform" were all disgraced or punished for crime.

It is admitted that Bacon received money and plate, but no proof of bribery (in the strict sense) was ever found. He made about two thousand orders and decrees every year. No perversion of judgment, or purchase of a decision, or corruption of action on Bacon's part was discovered. His decisions were neither reversed nor impeached. The cases of "bribery" all occurred early in his term of office. The money came through the hands of bishops, privy-councillors and members of parliament, and it looked as if Bacon had put a stop to the custom, as soon as he could do so without giving mortal offense to these participants in the dangerous and scandalous system of eking out an income where no provision was made for it by law. Bacon reminded the Lords that there were *vitiis temporis*, though he would "trick up no innocency with cavillations." He explained the cases in detail, and his explanation stands without contradiction. Some were loans from suitors when he was in financial straits, some were received long after the cases had been decided, some were presents upon the joint advice of counsel, some came from losers in the suits, none had come secretly, none had procured an unjust decision.

Bacon had broken no law, violated no oath, but he felt keenly the danger of the custom of the time, while he asseverated that he had "clean hands and a clean heart,"

and said, "when the book of hearts be opened I hope I shall not be found to have the troubled fountain of a corrupt heart in the depraved habit of taking rewards to pervert justice."

Had Bacon been bolder perhaps he would not have pleaded guilty to the charges, but he must have realized the unreasoning temper of the times. Though Bacon's lips were sealed, Montagu quotes a partial revelation of the reason why Bacon withdrew his defense. This revelation from the pen of a friend states that the king had to decide whether to sacrifice Bacon or his favorite, Buckingham. He decided to sacrifice Bacon and urged him to plead guilty, promising "upon his princely word that he would restore him again." Bacon protested against this course but to him the king's will was law and he submitted.

He was condemned without trial, removed from office, sentenced to the Tower, banished from Court and heavily fined. Thus was Coke revenged. After two days Bacon was released from prison and eventually the fine was remitted. Popular prejudice, the depravity of Buckingham and the weakness of the king prevented the restoration so solemnly pledged. He was allowed to return to Court and was summoned to the next parliament, but he did not take his seat.

He spent his remaining years in a retirement which enabled him to give us his greatest works, from which he may justly be called the "wisest of mankind."

In concluding our survey, a summary can hardly do justice to the subject. We do well to remember that the facts have been drawn from good authorities. The men best acquainted with Bacon's life and works are full of sympathy for him. They think that his life was not a contradiction of his writings; that some allowance should be made for the times in which he lived, for the power of custom, and for the sentiments which affected his actions.

They think that he was the best man of his day in high office and that he tried to reform abuses of his time, though his ideas about government were impracticable. To deal fairly with him we must grant him those presumptions to which all men are entitled.

We should not forget that in Bacon's day the Chancellorship was not purely judicial. He was ex-officio the leader of a political party, presiding officer of the House of Lords, and Privy Councillor. Had Bacon declined all presents he would have been the most singular man of his day. We may well believe that he was an uncorrupt and incorruptible judge, and it is not impossible that his plea of guilty, when formally charged with bribery, involved his personal sacrifice, where the contrary course would have involved Buckingham, the Privy Council and the Court in deep disgrace and precipitated a revolution.

Bacon was a man of prophetic mind; perhaps he loved his country too well to risk the dangers of anarchy. Perhaps he saw the shadow of the storm which a few years later shook the foundations of the state and carried the son and successor of King James to the scaffold.

—*George W. Gordon*

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### THE WALDEN EPISODE.

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A little over half a century ago Cambridge, with the quaint old neighboring town of Concord, was the centre of a famous coterie of American writers, which has been aptly called "The Intellectual Round Table" of New World Letters. Emerson presided over this board as Arthur, and at the meetings in his library there figured notably the slender and graceful Alcott and the shy, yet



observant Hawthorne, whose vivid imagination transformed his plain clubmate, Margaret Fuller, into the beautiful Zenobia of the "Blithedale Romance." In this distinguished circle Henry David Thoreau took his place as one of the best loved but least conspicuous of its members. His appearance was certainly striking. Emerson records how he was in the habit of wearing a straw hat, heavy shoes and stout grey trousers, while the thin, penetrating, big-nosed face bore the deep and clear marks of the thoughtful man.

Thoreau has been viewed and reviewed from various standpoints—as literary man, philosopher, idler and mere fanatic; but it is as a university product that he is interesting to the college man. He graduated from Harvard University at twenty years of age, without winning any laurels in the class room or making many friends among his fellow-students. He preferred to spend his spare hours in long rambles through wood and field and to enjoy his own reflections, undisturbed by the considerations of society.

We are not so surprised, therefore, when we find him, a young man of twenty-eight, looking like a picturesque knight of the road, rugged and browned, trudging toward the home of his friend Alcott to borrow an axe. With this as an outfit, he started out across the pastures and through a belt of woodland to the south of Concord village for the lakelet of Walden, "a pure white crystal in a setting of emerald."

A few rods from the pond, hemmed in by wooded shores, he built himself a little cabin among the "arrowy pines," a sort of rustic cloister where he would be his own master and pupil. In this retreat he lived for two years and two months, having for his most intimate companions the rabbits, quails and even the fish in the pond itself. He pulled the woodchuck out of its hole by the tail; the



partridge led her brood to his door; and it is even affirmed that he would thrust his arm into a pool and bring forth a bright, panting fish, lying undismayed in his hand.

However, Walden was not a hermitage. Many visitors of all classes were accustomed to stop at the little cabin in the woods to sit and chat with its interesting occupant. The rustic philosopher says: "I had three chairs in my house; one for solitude, two for friendship and three for society. When visitors came in larger and unexpected numbers there was but the third chair for them all, but they generally economized the room by standing up. It is surprising how many great men and women a small house will contain."

It was in the early spring that Thoreau went out among the pines like the youthful poetic figures of Randolph, who chased off through the country meadows to see "— the wholesome girls make hay," or Herrick, who loved the nature "Of brooks, of blossoms, birds and flowers." Or, turning from this bit of Old England, we may recall Izaak Walton, sitting on the dark green banks, hearing the birds sing as he watched the voyage of his "bobber" on the placid waters of his favourite trout stream.

But Thoreau was not one of these idyllic dreamers. On the contrary, the rich, sunny natures of those figures of another time and another land stand out in sharp contrast to this sombre disposition which another environment and a later period have produced.

The seclusion at Walden has led to much misunderstanding regarding the character and aims of Thoreau. Some have charged him with being a morbid egoist, a solitary and a skulker. Nothing could be further from the truth. He went to the woods—not in the words of Milton, because of "a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed," that was afraid to go out boldly and meet the world, but must seek a rustic refuge. He

went to test his powers and to know himself, and that from such a point of vantage he could the better take a survey of the world. He went, as Wordsworth did, to the Westmoreland mountains, to take possession by right of birth, and the exquisite charm of his clear, cold nature has about it a dim correspondence to the melancholy, autumnal spirit of the Cumberland bard.

He went to Walden, not to escape men, but to prepare himself for them, and as far as he could for the artificial conventions on which society rests. It was not civilization, as has been very foolishly asserted, with which he was at odds. It was the special evils induced by civilization, which he held could be cured by a general or even extensive return to simplicity of life and habit. He noted the palatial residences in the city of Boston, and all the squalid disease-breeding cellars that lay wide around it to the right and the left. Then he looked at the Indians and saw that among them the poorest enjoyed as good a shelter as the richest and that none were starving, while others were in luxury. Then he reflected whether "we might not, with a little more wit, use the accumulated material so as to become richer than the richest now are and to make our civilization a blessing." And so, instead of creeping into a wigwam and trying to wear skins, he built himself a house at Walden, of wood, bricks and mortar.

We find that even in his wanderings along the wood paths, bordered by nature's untrimmed hedges, men were not thrust from his thoughts. His mind was ever alert for symbols of a truer and deeper union of man and nature. For instance he says, "Along the paths, wines of all kinds and qualities, of noblest vintage, are bottled up in countless berries for the taste of men and animals. To men they seem offered, not so much for food as for sociability."

Thoreau did not much regard the beings of imagina-

tion, and certainly his retreat from society was not due to their fascination. He had a sharp sense of humor, but little phantasy, and loved those "traits that told of the honest earth and revealed links between the human and the brute." These were all destroyed by the pressure of mechanical and artificial conventions of life, which tended to efface the natural instincts and to render impossible the enjoyments that in primevial times were shared by all alike. If man possessed anything of worth, it could best unfold itself amid freedom from such restraints.

With Thoreau, in a word, everything is seen in relation to human sentiment and fitness. He was a great advocate of Nature, and endeavored to prove her worthy of the recommendation. And so we find him returning from Walden, not an individualist, but a true prophet of society,—the society with freedom as its foundation. His grand quality was sympathy—sympathy with nature, life and mankind in general—and this great humanizing, civilizing factor was the product of his famous years of life in the woods.

Too much has been made of Walden as a separate episode. He would have done the same thing anywhere; and the fact that he still carried forward his enterprise after he returned to the city and applied his principles to manufactures, politics, and even to anti-slavery agitation, should serve to take away any apparent folly from his novel experiment.

We feel sure that Thoreau would have given his unqualified assent to the verses of Matthew Arnold:

" But we, brought forth and reared in hours  
Of change, alarm, surprise—  
What shelter to grow ripe is ours?  
What leisure to grow wise?

" Like children bathing on the shore,  
Buried a wave beneath,  
A second wave succeeds before  
We have had time to breathe."

Although some may say that Thoreau, in stealing away from the crowd, the alarm and surprise, signally failed to find "the shelter to grow ripe," they must all acknowledge that he did, at least, find the "leisure to grow wise."

—*Lester P. Bryant.*

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**"C'EST MON PLAISIR."**

"C'est mon plaisir," she used to say—  
Ah me, she always had her way!  
And so I've lingered idly here  
While many a summer's green grew sere—  
All for a Rose of yesterday;  
For when she gently bade me stay,  
Why, who was I to say her nay?  
It was enough that I should hear—  
"C'est mon plaisir."  
Slow seasons fall into decay,  
And brow and step alike betray  
The lurking shadow drawing near.  
I, like a leaf of yester-year,  
Lie dreaming of a bygone May—  
C'est *mon* plaisir.

—*F. J. F. Sutton.*

**TWO OLD MEN.**

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**I.**

Old Man Hexton was stout and well-preserved and red-faced and urbane. Old Man Hobbes was weazen and decrepit and fire-eyed and profane. They both had been born on the same day and had lived in the same town during the subsequent seventy-five years; and the town was just about large enough for both of them—not a whit larger.

Their spiritual affinities had never seemed to be very close. At three years of age, when their parents would leave them together in the nursery during a call of one of the families upon the other, loud screams were sure to bring household and visitors upon a scene of much hair-pulling and face-scratching over the particular taffy-stick that both of them were sure to want.

From the ages of seven to fifteen the war was open, deadly, incapable of truce, and, considering everything, rather indecisive in the result. For although Master Hexton had strong thighs and always threw his opponent in their pancratic contests, yet Master Hobbes, who was of the wicked, wiry and knotty type, soon learned to keep at a distance and at the same time to effect considerable smashings upon the nose. In the conflicts of words (which are important, inasmuch as they characterized the larger part of the feud) perhaps young Hexton had a shade the better of it. Hobbes, it is true, had many oaths and astonishing epithets at his command, yet they seemed to return to him void; Hexton, with his contemptuous, well-turned phraseology, seemed to transcend them. The pretext of the feud is immaterial and the cause unsearchable. It is as hopeless a task to rationalize the instincts of a boy as those of a woman.

At sixteen, when the boys of the town usually become

conscious of the exigencies of respectability, the war came to a nominal end. Meeting on the street one Sunday afternoon, each wearing a swallow-tail and a stock, they eyed one another for a second, and inwardly realizing the absurdity, especially in this new stage of their civilization, of vituperation and the destruction of noses—they mutually grinned.

"Hello, Jack," said young Hexton.

"Hello, Harry," said young Hobbes.

Thus, diplomatic relations were established—relations, however, soon to suffer a terrific strain, under the influence of that which has been known to bring even the dearest friends to dagger's points, to say nothing of men with no close spiritual affinities. Yes, together had they been born, together had they risen through the mediæval intolerance and inconsequence of boyhood to the beginning of manhood; and now, at twenty years, together they had passed into a Renaissance of Wonder and Beauty. In short, they both fell in love with Miss Margaret Fleetworth, the belle of the town. Miss Margaret was said to have been engaged at one time to a young naval officer, an absentee now for three years. Miss F. gave no indications of being still engaged, and her young male acquaintances were quite contented not to ask questions. At all events, neither Hexton nor Hobbes did. Hexton was quite a buck; and what, with his good looks, his waistcoats, his elegant speeches and his voice (he sang Tom Moore's melodies enchantingly), he stood very far in her good graces at first. But Hobbes had something gloomy and aloof about him which might pass for the Byronic; and Miss Fleetworth, who was like most young ladies of her day, was attracted toward him and coquetted with him until, upon closer acquaintance, she found but sparse evidences of a "mysterious grief" or of a "dark past," or of a "deep, passionate nature," or of anything beyond a rather prosaic sheepishness. So she went back to Hexton, with his waistcoats and his Irish melodies and his pretty speeches

This brought affairs to the verge of a duel, for there was really more of the Byronic in young Hobbes than Miss F. had been able to discover. And a duel it would have been, had not the naval lieutenant returned, married his betrothed, and whisked her away with him. So much for romance.

When the cotton industry was at its height, each of them went into cotton, joining firms that kept systematically cutting at each other's throats until, during a panic, both firms failed simultaneously. Hexton and Hobbes then ran for state legislature, representing opposite parties, and, remarkable to tell, it was that year that the third party candidate won. In horses or land they were constantly bidding against one another. Having certain settled opinions which he thought it his duty to voice adequately, Mr. Hobbes started a daily paper. Mr. Hexton also found his views maturing, and established a journal on the opposite side of the street. The town might have supported one of them, but the introduction of the other was the failure of both. They lingered for half a year and then discontinued publication. Growing benevolent as he turned the point of middle age, Mr. Hexton then started a Sunday-school. Not even this could Mr. Hobbes resist, and he gave his devout sister sufficient funds to do the same thing. But a subtle influence passed from the founders to the beneficiaries of these institutions, and the ragamuffins of both schools began to proselytize one another. The schools fell into discredit and died. Thus, throughout their active life, were Hobbes and Hexton jostled together at every turn, like two game bantams. If the town in which they lived had been larger, they might have had more to think about separately and also more room to stir without treading on one another's toes; and if the town had been smaller, one of them might have had to leave. The town was just large enough to hold them at arm's length, and no larger.



Now they were superannuated and useless. Each battered shield, dented and dented again with the same old mark, lay rusting beside each blunted and shivered lance. The world charged and clashed around them, and they must sit helplessly glowering at one another. Instead of weakening, the old habit had toughened, the habit of feeling that somehow they must meet, and of burning to seek one another out. Still within Old Man Hobbes rankled the feeling that he had not been worsted, and yet that he must convince his rival of the fact. Still chafed the transcending genius of Old Man Hexton to make substantially good its assumptions of supremacy. The last battle was yet to be fought, but with what shattered weapons and in what dim, forsaken lists?

## II.

They chanced sometimes to meet in the lounging-place of the town hostelry; and they would exchange a few civilities, not without a lurking of sad humor, for rivalry begets a sort of ironical comradeship. They might have become quite companionable, were it not for an incident whose effect I cannot think was entirely designed. One day, while Old Man Hobbes was shuffling into the room, Old Man Hexton, in his courtly, old-school manner, arose and offered him the easy chair he had been sitting in. Old Man Hobbes looked him in the face for a minute, snarled like a toothless cat, and turned back to the door.

"Ah! you won't stay?" the other called after him—"Won't you let me assist you with those steps, Mr. Hobbes?"

"Go to the devil!" was the reply.

Something of this sort happened thereafter nearly every time the two met in the hotel or anywhere else. As a result, Old Man Hobbes never carried a cane where he



thought the other might see him; and Old Man Hexton, it was noticed, began to cultivate an elastic step.

It was not a contest of prowess or brains, but a mere matching of physical constitutions, and here poor old Hobbes was sadly handicapped. He had to endure not only long, painful sieges of illness, but the consolations of his rival, who never failed to intrude his triumphant good health into the sick room on such occasions. The brightest day, therefore, in Old Man Hobbes' declining years, was the day when he heard of Old Man Hexton's first apoplectic stroke. He hastened to make a "neighborly" call as soon as was fit, and simply gloated over the sight of old Hexton cross, wry-faced, and shorn of all his urbanity.

Old Man Hexton then began to direct his Sunday afternoon strolls past the house of Old Man Hobbes. When he found himself within fifty feet, he would brace his shoulders and nonchalantly swing his walking-stick or tap it on the mossy pavement-bricks.

In summer, or late spring, Old Man Hobbes was sure to be sitting on the clematis-covered stoop, deep in the lap of a leather arm-chair, nodding over his knees. According to the state of the weather, he wore a heavy or a light shawl. His eyesight was poor, but he usually saw Old Man Hexton at fifty feet, whereupon he would desperately claw his shawl from his shoulders and thrust it under the seat. Then he would brace his palsied head on his hand and wait till Old Man Hexton swung briskly around in front of the gate.

"A beautiful afternoon, Mr. Hobbes," Old Man Hexton would shout; "I really think I 'll make it five miles to-day. How's the rheumatism? Better? Worse? Ah!"

(It would be interesting to ascertain how many homicides may have been occasioned by that sympathetic monosyllable.)

Usually Old Man Hobbes answered only by an aged

smile that might express anything between familiar recognition and demoniac rage. Sometimes he would—for instance, he said once :

"You 'd—ha!—you 'd better leave that big walking-stick here and get it when you come back. It 'll be in your way, and your 're—ha!—you 're so hellish strong, you know."

"Oh!" Old Man Hexton responded, slightly dashed, "I 'm still something of a fop, you see, still something of a fop. Then, it 's good for dogs, too. No, I thank you—But, ah! I didn't think. Pardon me"—returning to the tone of kind consideration—"take it, of course, take it. I hadn't thought. You never use a walking-stick, you know."

"What the—ha!—what in eternity do you think I want with your walking-stick?"

"Be frank with me, my dear fellow," Old Man Hexton continued, "and tell me the true state of your health; and if there is any way in which I can assist you, I will do it."

"Go to the devil!"

"Ah! Well, a good day to you. Hadn't you better put your shawl on your shoulders? I am really quite anxious about you."

Old Man Hexton would saunter on easily for three blocks. There he would turn down, amble home by one of the side streets, and lie panting till supper-time.

Old Man Hobbes would sit muttering curses unimaginable, and declare—

"I've got palsy, dyspepsia, asthma, rheumatism—ha!—and heart-disease. He's got his first stroke. My day 's coming, I know; but by the Lord, I'm going to hold out as long as he does!"

One Sunday afternoon, when Old Man Hexton had accosted Old Man Hobbes in his usual way, the latter suddenly pulled together his rickety limbs and cried :

"Five miles? You go five miles nearly every Sunday, don't you? Well, I'm—ha!—itching for a five-mile walk, and, egad, sir, I'm going with you!"

"Oh, don't think of it—really! Consider what you are risking, my dear fellow," pleaded the other, in genuine agitation; "I should feel responsible—indeed I should—and my conscience would torment me to the day of my death!"

"Confound the day of your death, and mine, too! I'm going—and—yes, I'll take my walking-stick. I shall neep my stick for support—I—ha!—I acknowledge that. You can play the fop and keep the dogs off, if you choose—at least, I'll be no fraud!"

"Fraud!" interrogated Old Man Hexton, flushing up, "can I have mistaken your meaning?"

"Five miles!" (contemptuously). "We'll walk five blocks, and you'll be for sitting on the curb-stone."

"Very well, then, we shall see—we shall see," cried Old Man Hexton. "Make haste, get your stick, and come on, sir! Come on!"

\* \* \* \* \*

They were lying, half-supported, so that they faced one another, under two oaks, in the middle of a wood, five miles from town. Old Man Hexton's eyes were half shut, and his face was very red; the features and the limbs of Old Man Hobbes now and then gave a convulsive twitch; both were breathing very hard.

An evening breeze was gradually intensifying the quiet, voluminous rustle of the leaves. A squirrel ran up the trunk of a tree near by, and a delicate gray bird, with a white flash under its wings, swept up to its resting-place.

"The sun has been playing the deuce with my head," muttered Old Man Hexton.

"And something has been playing—ha!—playing the devil with my heart—I suppose we are—ha!—we are done for," gasped Old Man Hobbes.

They were unable to speak for some time, save that Old Man Hexton seemed to be mechanically murmuring the words of the other—"Playing the devil with my heart—playing the devil with my heart." Suddenly a dim light came into his face, and with a languishing quaintness of manner that belonged to an elder time, he began to croon :

" ' Believe me if all those endearing young charms  
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day  
Were to change by to-morrow and fade in my arms  
Like fairy gifts \* \* \* ' "

Old Man Hobbes was listening.

"Poor Peg," he said, at length ; "I wonder where she is now."

Their eyes met, and for a moment they gazed at one another in the deepening twilight. Their minds seemed to be going silently backward, hand in hand—beyond even the time when they used to sing Tom Moore and pose Byronically for the sake of the same bright eyes ; for slowly into the one face drawn with pain, and into the other face, clouded with gathering stupor, came something of an old boyish smile.

"Hello, Jack," said Old Man Hexton.

"Hello, Harry," said Old Man Hobbes.

—*William Miller Gamble.*

## EDITORIAL.

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### ANNOUNCEMENT.

The following men have been elected editors of THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE for next year :

WALTER C. ERDMAN, Pa., Managing Editor.

ROBERT L. BACHMAN, JR., Tenn.

M. NISBET LATTA, N. C.

SAMUEL MOORE, N. J.

HENRY B. PATTON, Pa.

WILLIAM W. STAAKE, Pa.

RAYMOND H. A. CARTER, N. J., Treasurer.

The Ninety-eight Board of Editors desire to thank their printer, Mr. W. C. C. Zapf, for the intelligent and sympathetic interest which he has shown in the welfare of the magazine.

### BY WAY OF POST-MORTEM.

Princeton has met Harvard in debate again, and has been defeated. The regularity with which Harvard has won in contests of this sort, is by no means counterbalanced by the almost equal regularity with which she has lost to Princeton in baseball and football.

The present year has seen an unusual revival of interest in intercollegiate debating among Princeton undergraduates. This is shown by the attendance at the Yale-Princeton debate, by the enthusiastic send-off given the men who represented Princeton in the Harvard-Princeton debate, by the increase of general interest in the preliminary contests of the year, as well as in many other ways less

noticeable than these. This revival of interest has given an added stimulus to the debaters themselves. It has made their work easier for them. It has made them more willing than ever to subordinate all else to the one aim of gaining a victory over their intercollegiate rivals. It has resulted also, in an almost unprecedented activity on the part of the interhall committee on debating. But in spite of all these encouraging signs, the year closes with two defeats, and no victories for Princeton.

Defeat at the hands of Yale was in more senses than one a surprise. With respect to the Harvard debate, however, we have almost ceased to feel surprise, so regularly has the crimson won. Of course, every one has his own opinion about matters of this sort, and no doubt many will disagree with us when we say that it is very improbable that Princeton ever will win a debate from Harvard, if the methods of training in debate at Harvard and Princeton remain the same as they are at the present time. We do not mean to cast the slightest discredit on the Halls. Being perfectly frank, we have no hesitation in saying, that we believe the training in debate given in the American Whig and Cliosophic Societies to be incomparably superior to that of any similar societies either at Yale or Harvard. What we do mean is this:—If we are to turn out debaters able to cope, in this branch of intercollegiate rivalry, with the representatives of Harvard University, either Harvard will have to erase from her catalogue the course known as English 30, or else Princeton will have to provide her students with a course in argumentation similar in character. If Princeton alumni want their Alma Mater to take a position in intercollegiate debating, as high as that which she has taken in intercollegiate football and baseball, they could not accomplish this aim better than by establishing just such a course, and by putting at the head of it a man of ability and experience. We have come

dangerously near defeating Harvard despite English 30. So much the more credit, then, is due to the Halls. But this is not enough, there is no reason in the world why Princeton should not win from Harvard in debate as in other lines, and win repeatedly. To do this, however, the Hall training must be supplemented by the curriculum far more than is the case at the present time.

The debating member of the *Cornell Era*, containing in full all the first speeches as well as the rebuttals of the Pennsylvania-Cornell debate is a novelty in college journalism for which the editors of the *Era* deserve most hearty congratulation. The work done by the average team of intercollegiate debaters is enormous. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that it is equivalent to a curriculum course. As great deal of this work is empirical, and hence facts are collected, and information obtained, throwing light on questions in politics and economics, from sources not open to the average student. The realization of all this has led some intercollegiate debaters to try their hand at magazine articles on the subjects studied, with greatly varying success; others have written contributions for the daily press, but the efforts of undergraduates in either of these lines are rather amusing than otherwise. How much more sensible it is for the college magazines to devote at least one number a year to contributions of this sort. If in addition to the speeches or articles, a bibliography on the subject studied is added, as in the *Era*, the permanent usefulness of such work is so much the greater.

"WE WHO ARE ABOUT —."

With this number the present Board of Editors conclude their work for the *LIT.* We started out with a long editorial setting forth the principles by which we intended



to conduct this magazine during the past year. Some of us are tempted to feel, now and then, a little amusement at the serious earnestness with which we began our labors. After the first number appears, one finds out that he is not an editor of the *Atlantic* or of *Scribner's* after all. Perhaps the best proof of this—and it is enough to convince the densest mind—is the rather limited number of contributions received. Then, too, the monthly criticisms in the *Princetonian* varying from extreme laudation to what some would call invective, bring one down to a little lower plane. At the beginning one is intensely interested in these criticisms. One watches for them eagerly, and if favorable repeats them to all his friends. But after a couple of months have passed, they are read with a smile, and their real usefulness is found to be the excitement which they produce in our more sensitive contributors on and off the board. This is not said by way of thanks to our friends of the faculty—that is coming later on. Well do we remember hearing old LIT. editors say that a year's work on the LIT. was worth more to a man than any two or three curriculum courses. We did not more than half believe them, then. In some respects, we doubt the truthfulness of this statement, even now. But one certainly is more than repaid for all the work—and there is more of it than one would believe,—and for all the worry one undergoes as LIT. editor. He does not get his pay in money—all of that goes to the college offices. He does not get it in chapel or recitation cuts, or in glory, or in anything of this sort. It is very real none the less and very satisfying. It makes him wear an amused smile, when one of his club-mates says to him, "I do n't see why in thunder you ever tried for the thing!" It makes him sorry, yes, very sorry to go into the LIT. room and feel that another Board is to have charge of the bare old floors, and the broken gas jet, and the shabby walls. He would like

to drop a class and begin all over again—that is why he is not a first group man. Well, this is very pleasant, but it must be apparent to the “kind reader” that all we are doing is simply trying to hold on to the old pen long enough to say thank you, to the undergraduates and to the faculty, and most heartily to wish God-speed to the Ninety-Nine Board, before closing forever Ninety-eight’s connection with THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE of Princeton University. So, having accomplished our purpose, we bid you adieu.

—R. D. Dripps.

## GOSSIP.

"Old Nassau's lions slow awake."

It was late at night and the Gossip was seated in the doorway of Old North. There had been perfect silence for some time, but now a voice was heard.

"Say, Paws, are you awake? . . . Hey there, Paws, wake up! . . . Hello-o Paws Nassau!"

"All right, Mangy, old beast," came another voice, "do n't get excited."

"I got tired of waiting for you to wake up. Where have you been with your astral body, that you should neglect your conversational privilege in this way."

"I was at the Casino when you called me watching the comedians down there. I never laughed so much for a long time. Their attempts at acting are truly ludicrous. But where did you go after Senior singing?"

"I started up for the Inn, but old Mr. Sycamore in front of the Dean's house stopped me. He and Mrs. Sycamore wanted to know if there was any more news about the war. Of course I was glad to talk to them and I stayed there all the evening. They certainly are a patriotic old couple; war interest has eliminated you."

"Well, it's natural enough; you think of their birth. You know they were set out in 1768 to commemorate the resistance to the stamp act."

"I know. But they are n't only patriotic; they are the worst jingoes I ever saw. Mr. Sycamore does n't even take interest in athletics nowadays. I said something about the baseball team, but he only shook his limbs and said, 'Yes, baseball 's a fine game, but you ought to have been here in the old duelling and cock-fighting days. Why, I remember an interhall cock-fight 'way back in the '20's,'—and then he went on to tell a wonderful tale of 'General Jackson,' the Whig bird, and 'Red Devil' of Clio, and how 'General Jackson' won in a glorious match over at Rocky Hill, and how the Clio Hall men had to sell their horses and over coats as a consequence. It was really an interesting story. I never knew Mr. Sycamore could be so entertaining."

"I notice that lately he has been treating me with more consideration than ever before."

"Me too. I intimated as much to him this evening and asked the reason. He seemed a little mortified and apologetic at first. But

then the dear old soul went on frankly and said that he always had harbored a prejudice against us because we were lions, and the lion was the national beast of England. You know those Sycamores have the reputation of being terribly afflicted with anglophobia. But now they have changed completely toward us. The old gentleman said he knew we were just as patriotic as if we had been tigers or eagles, and besides, even if we were a little English in sympathy it did not make any difference, for England had changed greatly in the past eighty years, he said, and was now in a position to be a life-long friend to America as America would be to her. 'The truth of the matter is, Mangy,' he added, 'this dago war will change the thought of America as much as it will the map of the world.'"

"I reckon that's true, and in a few years the *Princetonian* will be printing articles headed like this:

#### MANILA ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

ANNUAL BANQUET HELD ON MAY 1.

"But, Mangy, what does Mr. Sycamore think of '98's singing? Did you ask him anything about that?"

"Yes, indeed; well, he says the singing is not quite as good yet as it might be; but the spirit of the singing, especially in 'The Star Spangled Banner' and 'America,' he can't say too much for. And as for that game of cheering the army and navy and Dewey and Sampson—that pleases the old gentleman too much for utterance. But speaking of '98, Paws, do you realize that the lads are going to leave us in a few weeks?"

"I know it," he confesses, "I hardly realize it. I am afraid that. I have heard some of the Senior Year Sentiment that usually floats around the campus at this season. You and I certainly miss it. There never was a class we loved more than '98, and yet we have not wept any over their prospective departure."

"Yes, and I do not think the seniors themselves are going to do very much climbing up on pedestals and weeping in public."

"I certainly hope not. It will be very commendable if they do not. Of course the grave old Seniors feel that to go out from their Alma Mater is about as sad a process as can be conceived. And when Commencement comes they will feel it still more keenly. But when the country is at war and some members of the class are at the front, it would not be fitting for the others to solicit commiseration for themselves merely because at last it is their turn to pass out from the protected halls of youth and into the wide, crowded open. All the same it is sad, and God bless '98."

—Meade T. Williams.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

## EASTER.

The lilies lie upon thine altars, Lord ;  
The thronging crowds within thy temples press ;  
They cry to thee, again the ancient cry  
Of longing, sickening doubt and bitterness.  
Again they call as did the Jews of old,  
" We grope in darkness, give to us a sign ;  
The ways are many, but the end is Death,  
If Thou be He, show us the road divine."  
And still the old time answer, through the gloom  
Of many years, new wisdoms, endless strife,  
In mystic glory shines the Blessed Cross  
With its eternal message—Here in Death lies Life.  
—*Florence E. Stryker, S., in Vassar Miscellany.*

## FINIS.

Only a golden mist,  
An amber gleam of sun ;  
A fading bar of amethyst ;—  
And a day is done.

Only a word or two,  
And weary hands locked fast ;  
The glow of heaven shining thro' ;—  
And a life is past.

Then shadows all adrift  
And the starless dark of night,  
But a herald gleam, where clouds are rift,  
Of the coming light.

—*S., in Amherst Lit.*

## BALLADE OF THE MIDNIGHT FOREST.

The woodland nymphs, the mocking fauns still sing  
 'Neath thorn and holly as in time gone by ;  
 Still in the cool west wind the branches swing,  
 And Dian, wandering free, may still espy  
 The lean wolves startling at the Huntress' cry.  
 The shepherds' cots, men say, her rite still know  
 When silver stars awaking soft and slow  
 Join with the silent moon their paler light  
 To glorify the silent fields below,  
 And Dian threads the shadows of the night.

Cress-wreathed, their golden heads all shimmering,  
 In mystic measures still the nixies vie  
 All-fain, half fearful of discovering  
 Where the red dwarf, the wild red dwarf, doth lie,  
 The fairies' foe, the dryad's enemy,  
 Half in delight and half in dread ; when lo !  
 The virgin Goddess comes in robe of snow.  
 Smiles sadly, and as she sees their swift affright,  
 Breathes one swift sigh for summers long ago,  
 And Dian threads the shadows of the night.

Her sylvan spoils her nymphs attending bring :  
 The shrilling sob of startled stags that fly,  
 Blends with the bay of ban-dogs following.  
 And she, exulting in her archery,  
 Steals shining shafts from out the star-lit sky  
 And speeds them from the silver of her bow.  
 Loose on the western wind her long locks flow  
 Unbound, a golden auriole blown bright  
 About her brow, with eagerness aglow,  
 And Dian threads the shadows of the night.

## L'ENVOI.

Prince, leave the shame and splendour, wealth and woe  
 The gloom and glamour of the town, for O  
 A fairer land is spread for our delight,  
 Where forest-fern and fount their peace bestow,  
 And Dian threads the shadows of the night.

—C. E. Merrill, in *Yale Lit.*

"Well, so you are the last exchange," said the Table as a magazine fluttered in and propped itself against a pile of its earlier fellows, "and yet it does n't seem so long ago that we were reading our first new friend."

"I'm afraid you sadly neglected us," said the exchange, flopping its covers reprovingly and it's too late to mend now."

"Yes," echoed another near the top of the pile, "we have been neglected; my editors say so."

"Not at all, my friends," said the Table, "you have been read and appreciated and many of you have been looked for eagerly and pondered over long. We have not criticised you but we have not neglected you. And after all, what good does the usual exchange department criticism do? If it is merely appreciative it is interesting, it is true, and is very nice to paste in a LIT. scrap book,—the Table has kept one himself—but there's an end; if it is unfavorable it is not detailed enough to be of use. A mere statement of disapproval is not apt to be enlightening. And after all the real use of exchanges is to give the editors a chance to see how others work and to enable them to compare their work with that of other colleges and to help them by showing what the other fellows do, not what they may say. I suppose the theories and ideas of college editors are much the same the land over; the achievements are very varied."

"Then why do you print clippings," said a voice, "does not that make you a kind of appreciation department?"

"True, but it depends for whom they are selected. The Table collects for the enlightenment of the LIT's subscribers primarily, that they also may see what you are doing, and I think, my friends, that from what they have seen of you they are inclined to like you very much. And after all there is a new Table coming you know and so many men, so many minds, he may be of your opinion. Well, the present Table wishes wishes God speed and as pleasant a time as he has had among you all. As for you, friends, good-bye and long lives to you all. We've had a good time together, have n't we?"

—*Frederick J. H. Sutton.*



BOOK - TALK.

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*The Pride of Jenicco.* By Ayres & Egerton Castle. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Like other present day romances, "The Pride of Jenicco" has the usual stock of characters—Hero, Heroine, Heavy Villain, etc., and as usual it is taken from the diary of the Hero who is writing to relieve his troubled mind. It may also be said that it ends well. But the work has something the usual romance of adventure lacks; it has a heroine who is no mere figurehead, but has a charming personality of her own, and with whom the reader falls in love, even when her identity is concealed. The two principal characters also are not stationary as in the usual tale of this kind, but develop with the progress of the story. The plot is good and excellently handled, and is not too intricate. It would seem to be a distinct improvement over the usual "Stanley Weyman" type of novel.

*Emerson and Other Essays.* By John Jay Chapman. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons. \$1.25.

Mr. John Jay Chapman recently published in one of our magazines, a paper on Emerson which attracted wide-spread attention as a magazine article on account of its independence and originality. The author has now grouped it with critical analyses of Whitman, Browning, Stevenson, the characters of Romeo and Michael Angelo's sonnets, in a neat volume entitled "Emerson and Other Essays." The subjects are all of absorbing interest, and they have been treated by one who shows throughout his work the touch of a scholar.

The essay on "Emerson" is the masterpiece of the volume, and it is interesting to note the insight which Mr. Chapman seems to have into the relation of the artist to his vehicle. He deals with this subject, not with the search-light method of the modern critic, but with that broad, wholesome spirit so characteristic of Emerson himself, whose subjects of thought are of universal interest.

The short study of Whitman is an interesting addition to the literature concerning this most unique man. The key to the author's state of mind is given in his opening text, "English Literature is the Literature of Genius."

The whole essay gives one a sense of having been written under the open sky, with the roadside, the distant town, and the soft buffeting of the winds of heaven, all tending to soften the heart of the critic. His conclusion is that Whitman "did really live the life he liked to live, in defiance of all men, and this is a great desert, a most stirring merit. And he gave in his writings a true picture of himself and of that life—a picture which the world had never seen before, and which it is probable the world will not cease to wonder at."

The essay on Stevenson appears here for the first time in print. To the majority of readers this will probably prove the most interesting essay in the book. The position which Mr. Chapman takes with regard to the genius of Stevenson is entirely out of harmony with that of most critics, and it is one which the majority of us will refuse to fall in with, but it is interesting from the very fact that it gives us Stevenson from a new point of view.

*Young Blood.* By E. W. Hornung. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

Fair-minded folk usually give the devil his due. I will give "Young Blood" its due at the outset and say that it contains one character, Gordon Lowndes, which is well drawn. It is the character of a professional debt-maker. The great flaw in the artist's conception of the character, however, is that he ignores all the rules of fiction and makes the character turn up smiling in the end with a large fortune without the slightest change in his ethics. Having eased my conscience, I now feel at liberty to say that this book is the most inane I have chanced upon for many months. It is a novel of the "yellow cover" variety masquerading under a very respectable cover and having as its sponsor a very reputable firm of publishers. Its principal character is Harry Ringrose, a young man who returns from a trip to Africa to be confronted by the report that his father has fled with £10,000 not his own and he is left without a penny. "Vultures for his vitals, and yet he must face them, and alone" the author tells us. But Harry recovers with most remarkable ease. He goes up to London and although he has little or no education, jumps into the magazines. We are treated to the accounts of many hardships suffered by the youth. On one occasion, he thought he saw a thing of such disturbing qualities, that "his brain heaved as though with wine, and when he clapped a hand to his head it came back dripping," but it was "a sufficiently determined face that Harry Ringrose carried through the sloppy city streets those foggy forenoons," and he soon became by some miraculous process—through the virtue of the many goblets of strong whisky he is made to toss off perhaps—the new Charles Dickens, of England. Finally his father turns up and forgives Gordon Lowndes who has had much to do with his getting pushed over-

board into the channel on his way to the continent and left for drowned. There is a general round of embracing.

Then young Harry—the "young blood" of the book—completes the affecting *dénouement* by marrying the daughter of Gordon Lowndes. In the words of Harry Ringrose's clergyman uncle, who was giving advice to the young literary prodigy "Well, Henry, if that's your literature, let's say no more about it."

*Auld Lang Syne.* By Max Müller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In this delightful book Prof. Müller has given us an account of a life singularly full of much that is best in life of the present day. It is written in a very simple, natural way. Prof. Müller tells us in his preface, that he wrote it one summer, when ordered by his doctor to take a month's rest and forbidden books at the same time. It was to him—as it would be to any man—a delight to go over the pleasant places of his past career in recollections, and, being Max Müller, it is a fortunate thing for the world in general, that he put some of them down that others might share his pleasure. The personality of Prof. Müller is one that is unfortunately of a rare type, the combination of a scholar and the man of affairs and the world. This volume of recollections gives a very distinct picture of him, learned but not pedantic, kindly and courteous, full of a real and vivid interest in all the affairs of real moment about him. His sympathies are catholic. He has been the intimate friends of poets, historians, Oriental scholars, painters, musicians, kings and beggars. He interested them, and they delighted him. A little harmless variety in his acquaintance with "Royalties," is perhaps a foil to his many excellencies.

But interesting as is the personality of Max Müller, it is in this book quite secondary to that of the people whom he knew. His acquaintance with celebrities began early. Born in the queer old German town of Dessau, diminutive capital of an infinitesimal duchy, where all the people knew the duke, he yet had unusual opportunities to meet people of note. His grandfather was prime minister to the duke; his father, (who died when Prof. Müller was very young) was Wilhelm Müller, the noted poet. His grandfather's house was the center of Dessau in its chief attraction, music. Thither came Mozart, Mendelssohn, Liszt and others of lesser note. They took a great interest in the boy. Mendelssohn gave him lessons but finally advised him not to attempt a career in music but "to stick to Latin and Greek." When he passed from Dessau to Leipzig he fell again into musical circles, and even in England his house was a musical center. Jenny Lind when staying in Oxford at a house where music was tabooed, used to come to his rooms in All Souls to practice on the piano and sing. But with all this musical atmosphere

he marks down his dissent from Shakespeare's dictum, "The man who hath no music in his soul," etc., instancing Dean Stanley as one who hates music, and avows himself too "old-fashioned" to care for Wagner.

It was among literary people that Müller was best appreciated and found his best friends. Especially interesting in his account of the visits of Lowell, Emerson and Holmes who each stopped with him in Oxford. Then he knew well Tennyson, Arnold, Darwin, Charles Kingsley, Froude and others to say nothing of German notables. In a word the book is a charmingly written record of the personalities of people, not only of note but of interest in themselves. Its touch is light, almost too conversational, but possessing all the charm of bright, appreciative comment of subjects of great interest. There are several interludes, notably a loving recital of the chief glories of the House of Anhalt, far more ancient than the Hohenzollern, from the times of Albrecht the Bear. But its chief interest and value is the nearer acquaintance it seems to bring with some of the chief names of our recent English and German literature, science and art.

*Paris.* By Emile Zola. Translated by Earnest Alfred Vizetelly. 2 vols. New York; The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

This book was written by Zola. But in reviewing it the traditions which attach to the gentleman's name in this country will be disregarded. To us whose novel-reading has all been done in the last ten years, a realist is not a freak, and we have no excuse for ignoring the matter of his book in pretended arraignment at his method.

"Paris" is the final one of the author's great trilogy of city-novels, in which, as in a balance, modern Christianity is weighed and found wanting. The keynote to " Lourdes " was: " Faith, what is it? Falsehood." That of " Rome " was: " Hope, what is it? Illusion." And now comes " Paris " with its question and answer: " Charity, what is it? Injustice." The hero of the series, Pierre Froment, the noble-minded young priest, who had failed in his sincere quest for a renewal of faith at Lourdes, and of hope at Rome, in this novel has returned to Paris and is seeking peace by patiently performing his duties as curate at the church of the Sacred Heart. When the novel opens he has been there for three years, faithfully going through rites and preaching a religion that he wants to believe but can't. However, up to this time he has felt that one redeeming feature is left to the church and to Christian civilization, namely the universal manifestations of charity toward the distressed. But now comes the rude awakening. Through a series of dramatic events, in which he plays a prominent part, he learns how insincere, how misplaced, how totally ineffectual are the vast charity systems of Paris, ecclesiastical and otherwise. Not only this, but how hysterical and useless is the habit of individual pity and almsgiving. And it is n't the

system alone that Pierre learns to condemn, but the deep lying principle that gives rise to the system. In other words he flatly denies St. Paul's dictum, "Now abideth these three, faith, hope and charity." The novel, "Paris," does not really begin until we come to these words:

"When Pierre, with his elbows on the altar, had emptied the chalice after breaking the sacred wafer, he felt himself sinking into yet greater distress. And so a third experiment was beginning for him, the supreme battle of justice against charity, in which his heart and his mind would struggle together in that great 'Paris,' so full of terrible, unknown things."

Of course the struggle can have but one result, artistically. Pierre becomes a convert to "justice," repudiates Christianity, and thus his mind, inherited from his father, triumphs over his heart, inherited from his mother. The incidents in the novel are so momentous, so skillfully depicted, and the psychological process of Pierre's development is so sympathetically treated that we would feel perfectly satisfied with the outcome, if we could consider the novel a work of art merely. But we can't. Zola (in his later novels at any rate) does n't allow us to believe in "art for art's sake." "Art for preaching's sake" seems to be the motto of "Paris," as truly as it was of the old fashioned Sunday School story. The difference lies in the degree of the art and the complexion of the preaching. Sunday School books preached in favor of the Christian virtues, while Zola's trilogy preach against them.

Zola's art is magnificently subtle and symbolic for all its mass of blunt detail. Victor Hugo treated impersonal elements as if they were characters. Zola does the same thing. As the ocean is the villain in "Toilers of the Sea," so Christianity is the villain, the ugly cruel villain. In this novel. And when Pierre escapes from the villain's clutches we feel that there is some hope for Paris, poor throbbing, living, suffering Paris, the real heroine. Then the novel closes. And when the first thrill is over we say to ourselves: "Will justice *work* any better than charity? And even if charity is a failure in Paris, does it follow that it is a failure everywhere?"

*The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.* Edited by Frederic G. Kenyon. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.00.

Mr. Kenyon in characterizing his work has rightly said that "It is a chronicle rather than a biography in the artistic sense of the term. Just because it is a chronicle we leave it with more regret and sympathy than we do many of those other great biographies which have appeared during the last two years.

This method might not be safe in the case of a man like Tennyson; the world needed to know more of him than his personality; it required a fuller explanation of his art, a deeper insight into his philosophy, a

wider knowledge of his life and a more complete record of his opinions than a man is apt to reveal even in his most intimate correspondence. There must be no chance for misconstruction in other days, and those who know and could speak authoritatively must utter the final word.

However necessary this form of biography may be, it loses by bringing us less in touch with the man himself; we miss the personality, the sense of familiarity we gain by simply reading letters which speak for themselves, with no one by to tell us how it was or what we must think. For then we "can hardly be affected by the feelings or prejudices of the biographer; and if it does not present a finished portrait to the reader, it provides him with the materials from which he can do so himself." After all it is these first-hand opinions that do us most good, and give us the intimacy and sympathy with an author, which is necessary to make his novels alive and real.

This is just what we gain from this edition of Mrs. Browning's letters which are only strung together on "connecting links of narrative which serve to bind the whole together to the unity of biography." The editor is in the background and Mrs. Browning speaks to us herself, and when we have finished we love her and understand her. "Her genius is in her poetry," and her letters merely revere character and thought. They were dashed off to her friends without thought of their ever being published or attracting the attention of the world. If we would appreciate her art we must read her works, but if we want to know the woman herself with her sweet, impulsive, impetuous nature, she is enshrined here for us for all time.

My task as editor of the Book Talk has now drawn to a close. During the year I have endeavored to read carefully the books which have come under my consideration and to express an intelligent opinion of them. I have tried to be frank and honest in my expressed opinions. I have in all cases said what I thought and this carries with it great satisfaction. As some one has said, "I may not know what good arts are but I know what I like," and it is these likes and dislikes which I have set before you. It has been left to you to take them for what they were worth.

Before laying down my pen I must acknowledge the valuable aid which the other members of the board have rendered me in editing this department—aid which has lightened the burden of my task very materially. It gives me great pleasure to turn over the "blue pencil of authority" to so worthy a successor as Mr. Samuel Moore of the Class of '99, who I feel sure will do honor to the department.

—W. F. McCombs, Jr.







